THE

LADY's

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

DEC. 1806.

PRINCESS SOPHIA OF GLOUCESTER.

THE Princess Sophia Matilda of Gloucester is the eldest offspring of the late most illustrious William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, by his marriage with Maria, Countess Dowager of Waldegrave, daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, K. B. She was born May 29th, 1773. Her sister, Caroline Augusta Maria, was born June the 24th, in the following year, but she died while an infant; her only brother, William Frederic, the present Duke of Gloucester, was born January 15, 1776, and is one of the brightest ornaments and patterns to the nobility of this nation.

In pursuance of the plan for our New Series, to present a striking resemblance of every branch of the Royal Family, we this month adorn our Museum with a portrait of this accomplished Princess*: but equally accomplished as are all the Princesses, in every perfection of mind and character, language would fail were we to attempt in different words to delineate their respective virtue.

When we contemplate the manners of a neighbouring court, we feel with conscious dignity our own superiority in being able to paint the characters of our Royal Family

* Our 5th volume was embellished by a representation of this amiable Princess, but we presume our fair readers will behold with pleasure the very beautiful and improved portrait with which we this month present them.

in one continued colouring of encomium. We delight in the task, but scorn, by unnecessary adulation, to protract a description, that must, notwithstanding our best efforts, be only a repetition of what we have already said under our Biographical Sketches of the Princesses to whose exalted characters we have endeavoured to do justice. The same suavity of manners, the same proficiency in accomplishments, both useful and ornamental, the same exemplary conduct, mark this fascinating Princess, as adorn her illustrious cousins. All that truth, inspired by a just sense of the charms of virtue, can dictate is their due, and an artless tribute of praise is therefore sufficient to let posterity know that during the present age the females of the most exalted rank were those most worthy to be examples to the fair of Great Britain.

LADY CATHERINE LONG.

[Concluded from p. 198.]

NEVER was maternal fondness and solicitude more strongly displayed than in the uniform conduct of the subject of these remarks. But seven years had scarcely elapsed, when a painful duty occupied her attention, and distracted her thoughts—the object of her affection was seized with an alarming disorder, which completely baffled medical skill; and she had the misery of anxiously watching the couch of sickness for the tedious space of two years. Hope and fear, during that trying period, by turns elevated and depressed her mind—yet sustained by the hand of Omnipotence, in the presence of the patient sufferer she always appeared resigned.—Three lovely pledges of connubial happiness were at this critical time born, and a fourth daily expected, when the physicians were uniformly of opinion their patient had not many hours to live.

Providence, in mercy, however, lengthened his existence until the health of the amiable Lady Catherine was in great measure restored, and she had presented her beloved

husband with an heir to his immense wealth. Sir James expired on the twenty-seventh of November 1794, leaving his infant son and three daughters, too young to know the nature of their loss.—Long did Lady Catherine remain an interesting object of anxiety to her relations and friends; but that Being who had thought proper to afflict her, at length endowed her with fortitude of mind; and recollecting that a double duty had devolved upon her, she struggled against the feelings of a too susceptible heart. In the performance of religious and moral duties, by degrees she become more resigned; in short, her fears and apprehensions were called forth by a *new object*, for the heir of Tilney was naturally a very delicate child; and maternal fondness magnified the dangers to which the period of infancy is exposed. As he increased in age, however, his strength slowly augmented. Lady Catherine once more seemed to derive gratification from charitable pursuits: these, and the superintendance of her daughters' education, united to the society of a few chosen friends, rendered Draycot no longer the house of mourning, but the peaceful mansion of content.

Heaven had deprived her of an amiable companion, whose endearing tenderness was an unceasing source of delicate delight; but it had blest her with four lovely amiable children—and she still enjoyed all the elegances of life.—Her grateful heart, sensible of her Maker's kindness, mildly bowed in submission to his decree—and fearful of appearing unthankful for the blessings she still possessed, her mind became cheerful, tranquil, and serene. Still the health of the young Sir James continued delicate, and repeated terrors agitated his mother's mind: the family physician, however, gave it as his opinion, that he was fostered with too great a degree of care, and that his constitution would be strengthened by the regular system adopted in seminaries of repute.—The justness of his opinion Lady Catherine had the satisfaction of seeing demonstrated by the improving state of her beloved boy's health —but, alas! how shall short-sighted mortals be able to alter the decrees of the wise Disposer of human events? The term of this amiable boy's existence had been measured by the

hand of Omnipotence, and he expired in his eleventh year.

The period is too recent in the memory of his afflicted parent for her anxious relations even to indulge the hope that any great exertion can be made: for some time, Lady Catherine was so completely inconsolable, that she could not encounter an interview with her nearest and dearest friends; but solicitude for her surviving children, united to her strong sense of religious duties, have at length induced her to consent to a partial mixing with the world; and she now occasionally receives the visits of a few *select friends.*

Though London is the last place this amiable woman would have chosen for the indulgence of her sorrows, yet maternal affection has lately made it her chief abode; for no selfish consideration could induce her to sacrifice the improvement of her children's minds; and as masters of superior abilities are only to be met with in the metropolis, much of her time is spent in Cumberland Place. Miss Long, by the premature death of her brother, will be one of the first fortunes of the present age; but educated under the eye of so amiable a mother, and apparently inheriting her virtues and her worth, she requires not the adventitious aid of fortune to render her universally respected and admired.

This imperfect sketch of a character beloved, admired, and venerated, will be concluded by a few elegiac lines, written spontaneously at the moment of reading the account of the youthful Baronet's death.

EXTEMPORE LINES

Written upon Reading the Account of

SIR JAMES TILNEY LONG's DEATH.

The solemn curfew's awful sound
  Strikes on the list'ning ear,
A mournful groupe assemble round
  The slowly moving bier!

The snow-clad plumes too plain convey
A lesson to the mind,
'Tis not the youthful, or the gay,
Whom death has left behind.

Yon victim of his iron pow'r
Is but in years a child,
A blooming bud—an op'ning flow'r,
Adorn'd with radiance mild.

Yes, Tilney's heir is now confin'd
Within a narrow cell;
But ah! the *mother's* grief of *mind*
What poet's pen shall tell?

Was he not all a parent's eyes
Could anxiously behold?
Yes;—nature form'd him for the skies,
And stamp'd him in a mould.

Spotless as lambs which frisk and sport
Upon the verdant plain,
Tender as doves that wooing court,
And movingly complain!—

Could Fortune, rank, or virtue, save,
Then had the youthful heir
Been shelter'd from an early grave,
To bless a mother's care.

But Heav'n, in wisdom, now ordains
The spotless spirit's flight,
In realms of perfect bliss he reigns!
A *cherub—pure* and *bright*.

And when the trumpet's awful sound,
Or when death's ebon dart,
Strikes at the breast at which he found
Affection's soothing art,

Then shall this cherub reascend,
And circle in his arms
The spirit of his early friend,
Array'd in *Angel's charms*.

The gates of heav'n shall then unfold,
The azure clouds give way,
And Catherine's raptur'd eyes behold
The joys of endless day.

M. P.

OLD WOMAN.

N° XCIX.

I HAVE been often asked, if a woman should pay any attention to politics, and how far she may engage in public affairs without offending against delicacy and propriety, against that reserve which becomes the female character, and that modesty which is its highest ornament and chiefest defence.

No general answer can apply to all situations and to all circumstances; and each must be in some measure guided by good sense and sound discretion, before she quits the shade of domestic privacy, and commits herself, even in the slightest degree, to the turbulence of party, and the public avowal of political adventure. I do not mean, however, to insinuate, that a wife or a daughter should feel no interest in the honor and glory of their country; I would not wish them to be ignorant of its constitution, or indifferent about what contributes to its support. Nothing can be more absurd than such advice, nothing more derogatory to the female understanding than to suppose it is not capable of appreciating the happiness of the British government, or regardless about perpetuating it to their posterity. Indeed, it is impossible that a wife or a mother can do her duty, without some knowledge of the constitution; for so much do politics engage the attention of the other sex, that they must entertain a contemptible opinion of a woman who cannot carry on a rational conversation on a popular topic; and it is so essential that children, whose education in their early years, especially, devolves on mothers, should be brought up with a love and veneration for the country that has produced them, that a mother must be wanting to her offspring if she is incapable or unwilling to impress the tender mind with the rudiments of constitutional principles, and a regard for the unalienable rights of every Briton.

But while I admit the propriety, and even the necessity, of women being politicians so far, I am very unwilling to allow them the privilege of becoming active partizans in elections,

and of bustling among a riotous and drunken mob, who are sinking themselves to the level of beasts, while they pretend to support the interest of some popular candidate, of whose talents, principles, and aptitude to represent them, they possess no opportunity of knowledge, and to which essential points they pay not the least regard.

My own retired habits have prevented me from seeing much of the late general election; but from the communications which have reached me on this subject, I select the following letters, which will speak for themselves in language sufficiently intelligible, when scanned on the principles of action I have endeavoured to lay down, for the regulation of the female conduct in public affairs.

MRS. INSIPID, *Gotham, Nov.* 1.

You are everlastingly *boring* us with musty morals; but you have never thought proper to touch upon politics, or to support the interest of popular candidates, who wish to devote themselves to the service of their country. It is my ambition, and I consider it as my glory, to be thought to have brought in a member against the sense of his constituents —for they had no *sense* when they opposed such a charming man, who could talk half an hour on any subject, and who is sure to make a figure in the House of Commons. If *he* does not regulate the affairs of the nation, and contrive some means of setting bounds to the oppressions of Bonaparte, I confess I shall despair of success from any other. O how he talked of the constitution, of the pressure of taxes, of extravagance, of peculation, and all *them* set of things. Well! though he was a stranger to me, the first time I ever heard him, he made an impression indelible on my heart, and I was determined, in opposition to my husband—mark me! to support his pretensions with all the weight of my influence, which, let me tell you, is not small in our ancient and respectable borough. To be sure, our old members were good sort of men, for ought I know. We never heard of them from the day of their election till they were returned again on our hands. They were quiet in the house, though no doubt they voted; and

they never troubled their constituents, or their constituents them, with advice or application of any kind, till the glorious news was heard of a dissolution of parliament. My husband being an alderman—I am his second wife—mind me! I resolved to have some fun, and to show my consequence in the corporation. For this purpose, I got one of our clerks, who now and then does little confidential matters for me, to write a letter of invitation for a certain gentleman whose fame I had heard, though personally unknown, to offer himself for our representation; and in order to ensure his compliance, gave him to understand that all the ladies would be in his favor. He did not neglect the summons, and though he was enjoined secrecy, naturally and properly enough, found the way first to our house. My husband was rather crusty to him, and told him that our late members were good *sound* men, and that he did not imagine there was any wish to change them. On this the gentleman began such an harangue on the state of the nation, and his attachment to the constitution, that my spouse must have been *more* or *less* than man to have resisted him. But though I used every means in my power to obtain a promise of his vote and interest, the old gentleman would not comply. Well! what was to be done? I was not to make an April fool of the new candidate, and therefore told him, to my husband's face, that if he would accept of my assistance, I would attend him on his canvas instead of my husband, who would have time to reflect before we returned. With the most enchanting address, and the sweetest manner imaginable, he put himself under my direction; and by dint of persuasion and general promises and professions, which you know stand for nothing, we made such an impression on the freemen, who had not been used for many years to receive any attention, that in a few hours we found ourselves strong enough to awe the corporation, and I now frankly told my wiseacre of an alderman, that he must either give me up, or give up the old drones who had formerly represented us. He kicked for a time; but when he found I was in earnest, he gradually sunk into a compliance; and my friend and I carried the election hollow. Indeed I devoted my whole time to

this business, treated, promised, bribed, scolded, and flattered as it suited my purpose best; and had the pleasure to find I could do more by a little *innocent* condescension than the town clerk or the recorder, or even the mayor himself, by all their powers and influence. I am now universally considered as a woman of spirit, and between you and I, should there be a *vacancy*, perhaps I have secured a *second* husband, when it shall please God that my Alderman shall take leave of his *second* wife. There's a heroine for you! Have I not done something for the credit of the sex? Who dares to say that a woman is not qualified to be a politician, or that her influence, when she has a proper man to bring forward, is not of the first consequence in this free country? But my nerves are so shaken by incessant exertion, I can write no more, except to assure you, of the hearty contempt which I entertain for all drones, whether male or female.

CAMILLA ATTALL.

My good Old Woman, *Borough of Guzzledown.*

If you have any regard for the honor and happiness of your sex, you will pity me, and blame my daughters. Having long lost my wife, their mother, I have been obliged to act in a double capacity towards them, and I am sure they never have had any reason to complain of my indulgence towards them, or any want of parental care. I watched over their education, I endeavoured to form their tender minds to virtue, to teach them respect to their superiors, and kindness to their inferiors. Till lately, I was the happiest of fathers, and I was complimented on having the most dutiful of daughters. But the late general election having given rise to an opposition in our borough, excited by the democratic party against the influence of a great man, who had long successfully and respectably catered for us, and who was the firmest and best friend I had in the world, on account of the services I had frequently done him, I have had the pain and anguish to behold my daughters, seduced I fear by ill example, not only speaking, but acting against their duty and their interest also. Though they knew how much I was indebted

to our patron, they have taken every opportunity, both in public and in private, to turn him into ridicule, to weaken his interest, and to support the pretensions of an intruder, so that I am brought into suspicion myself, and feel myself in danger of losing my principal dependence. Alas! could it be known what I have endured from the wilfullness of my giddy and inconsiderate girls, no one would wish to make me suffer more: but it is often the misfortune of parents to be blamed for the indiscretion of children, and to be suspected of lending their sanction to what they perhaps have laboured by every means in their power to prevent—the opposition of their children to their lawful commands. Instead of being timid and diffident, as they always were before this election, they now boldly face the populace, shake hands with the lowest and most profligate, and in more than one instance have, in my presence, submitted to be saluted, in order to gain votes against their still kind and affectionate father.

JOHN STAUNCH.

LE MELANGE.

No V.

THE following anecdote, relating to a place from whence every account is *now* peculiarly interesting, as I have very recently met with, I transcribe from the book before me; merely adding, that though I find from Walker's Gazetteer CROTONA mentioned as being in Calabria Ultra Naples, I cannot discover any description of the other places; but the anecdote is probably of some antiquity.

The city Sybaris is seated two hundred furlongs from Crotona, betwixt the two rivers of Crathis and Sybaris; it was built by Iseliceus. The affairs of it were grown so prosperous, that it commanded four neighbouring nations, and had twenty-five cities subservient to its pleasure: they led out three hundred thousand men against Crotona, but their power and prosperity were utterly overturned by means of their luxury. They had, during a state of inactivity, taught their horses at a certain time to rise on their hinder feet, and with their fore feet to keep a kind of time with the music; a minstrel, who had been ill-used among them, fled

to Crotona, and told them if they would make him their captain, he would put all the enemy's horses, (their chief strength) into their hands. It was agreed, and he taught the tune to all the minstrels of the city, so that when the Sybarites came to a close charge, at a signal given, all the minstrels played the well-known tune, and all the horses fell to dancing; by which being rendered unserviceable, both they and their riders were easily taken by the enemy.

A little girl being told that her mother had lost a law-suit that she knew had given her a great deal of anxiety and trouble, ran up to her, after receiving the intelligence, and in the simplicity of her heart, said, "O my dear mama! I am so glad to hear that you have at last lost that nasty suit which has given you so much uneasiness."

The following versification of the beautiful African song in Mr. Park's narrative of his travels, I believe is not generally known.

Bleak blew the wind in ceaseless roar,
In whelming torrents fell the rain;
The white man trembling, cold, and poor,
Exhausted sank upon the plain.
Beneath the tree he weary lies,
Nor heeds the storm his plaintive sighs;
He lies a stranger to repose,
Without a friend to calm his woes.

No mother's smile his bosom cheers,
No sister comes to give relief;
No tender wife to dry his tears,
To soften or partake his grief.
Let us the white man's wants supply,
Ah! sure we hear *a brother* cry;
If pity touch the heart within,
It makes both black and white a-kin.

A lady sitting alone one day with her husband, who was a tolerable poet, said to him, "My dear, you write upon other people sometimes, pr'ythee write something upon me; let me see what epitaph you would bestow on me when I die." "O, my love!" said he, "do not talk of such a

melancholy thing!" "Nay, upon my word, you shall," she replied, "come, I will begin by way of assisting you:

"Here lies Bid;"

To which he answered,

"I wish she did."

ANECDOTE OF THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

As the Duchess of Devonshire was rambling one day in the neighbourhood of Chiswick, she was overtaken by a shower, which obliged her to take shelter in a small hut, where she happened not to be known. Among other topics of conversation which she introduced in her affable manner, she asked the good woman if she knew the Duchess of Devonshire. "Know her!" answered the woman, "aye, every body knows her; there never was a better lady born." "I am afraid you are mistaken," said the Duchess, "from what I can understand of her, she is no better than she should be." "I see *you* are no better than you should be," returned the poor woman; "it would be happy for you, if you were as good; but you—you will never be worthy to wipe her shoes." "Then I must be beholden to *you*," replied her Grace, "for they are at present very dirty." The honest cottager perceiving her mistake, ran to perform the office with the greatest humility, which was generously rewarded by the Duchess.

EPITAPH IN THE CHURCH-YARD OF BIRMINGHAM.

O! cruel death! how could you be so unkind,
As to take one before, and leave t'other behind!
You should have taken both of us, if either,
Which would have been much more pleasing to the survivor.

Q. What General is most wished for at a public entertainment.

A. General satisfaction.

A gentleman who was very morose and ill-natured at home in his family, was remarkably facetious and merry abroad, insomuch that he was more than ordinarily entertaining wherever he went, which occasioned a lady once at

a merry meeting where he was, to say to one present, who knew him well: "Surely if that gentleman is married, his wife must be completely happy, for he is quite the fiddle of the company here." "True, madam," replied the person she had spoken to, "but he always *hangs his fiddle up at the door* when he goes home."

THE LAST NEWS FROM BRIGHTON.

"As Miss Clementina Darnwell was yesterday taking the air on her donkey, accompanied by her groom, she was unfortunately thrown, and received a violent contusion on her right elbow, and a terrible splash on the left. All Barbican is disconsolate at the melancholy intelligence."

THE LAST NEWS FROM DUBLIN.

Yesterday Miss Georgina O'Griskin fell from a jaunting car, and broke her neck, but happily received no other damage.

MODERN FASHIONABLE NEWSPAPER INTELLIGENCE.

It is with great concern we state that Mr. Simeon Softly, an eminent cork-cutter, lies dangerously afflicted with the gout at his country seat in Gray's Inn Lane.

Yesterday as Mr. George Conundrum was conversing with two friends in his usual way, he unhappily fell into a—grievous mistake, and was extricated with some difficulty.

Advices from Limehouse mention that a violent quarrel had broken out between Mr. and Mrs. Tarpaulin, which was not got under when the news came away.

Bartholomew fair boasted much fashion yesterday. Mr. and Mrs. Mobbs, Miss Roggle, the family of the Snuffles, Miss Wigsby, the three Miss Gruels, and a long &c. of genteel people.

It is said that Sir Isaac Newton did once in his life go a wooing, and, as was to be expected, had the greatest indulgence paid to his little peculiarities which ever accompany great genius. Knowing that he was fond of smoking, the lady assiduously provided him with a pipe, and they were seated, she every moment expecting he would open his

mind to her. Sir Isaac smoked a few whiffs—seemed at a loss for something—whiffed again; and at last drew his chair nearer the lady;—the pause continued—Sir Isaac seemed more uneasy.—O! the timidity of some! thought the lady,—when lo! Sir Isaac took hold of her hand. Now the palpitations began—he will kiss it, no doubt, thought she. Sir Isaac whiffed with redoubled fury; already the expected salute vibrated from the hand to the heart, when—(pity the damsel, gentle reader!) Sir Isaac only raised the fair hand to make the fore-finger what he much wanted—*a tobacco stopper*.

TO THE EDITOR.

In the first number of the Melange, I mentioned my intention of publishing my collection of anecdotes, under the title of the "Nonpareil; or, Harmless Feast of Wit." As the work is now published, and much approved of by the Ladies, for whose perusal it has very carefully been adapted, I make no doubt that it will speedily be in the possession of the greater number of your fair readers; I shall, therefore, discontinue selecting any anecdotes which are therein, beyond *next month*, and in every succeeding number of the Melange, shall endeavour to furnish entertainment from other sources.

THE MONTHLY ESSAYISTS.

N° V.

On the Uncertainty of Life and Misemployment of Time.

AMONGST the pursuits of the greater number of mankind, it is not difficult to discover that those which cause the most anxious solicitude, and which occasion the greatest exertions, are generally of the least importance when attained, and that their value was merely ideal. The deluded pursuers, though baffled and disappointed, draw not however that useful lesson from experience, which could alone compensate in some degree for the failure of their expectations, but make the same fleeting and unsubstantial joys the objects of another attempt, and lose, in frequent and ineffectual efforts, a portion of that treasure which is infinitely valuable to all, but particularly to youth; and which, when

once suffered to pass unprofitably by, can never be recovered. "TIME," says the amiable Owen Feltham, "keeps his constant pace, and flies as fast in idleness as in employments; whether we play, or labor, or sleep, or dance, the sun posts on, and the sand runs. An hour of vice is as long as an hour of virtue: but the difference between good and bad actions is infinite. Good actions, though they diminish our time here as well as bad actions, yet they lay up for us a happiness in eternity, and will recompense what they take away by a plentiful return at the last." Mason, in his admirable Treatise on Self-knowledge, has (applicable to the present subject) this beautiful apostrophe: "Where do our views centre? in the world we are in, or in that we are going to? If our hopes and joys centre *here*, it is a mortifying thought that we are every day departing from our happiness; but if they are fixed *above*, it is a joy to think that we are every day drawing nearer to the object of our highest wishes."

An Italian bishop struggled through great difficulties without repining, and met with much opposition in the discharge of his episcopal function without even betraying the least impatience. An intimate friend, who admired those virtues which he thought it impossible to imitate, one day asked the prelate if he could communicate the secret of being always easy. "Yes," replied the venerable man, "I can teach you my secret, and with great facility; it consists in nothing more than making a right use of my eyes." His friend begged him to explain himself. "Most willingly," returned the bishop: "In whatever state I am, I first of all *look up to heaven*, and remember that my principal business *here*, is to prepare for my journey *there;* I then *look down upon the earth*, and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy in it when I come to be interred. I then *look abroad into the world*, and observe what multitudes there are who, in all respects, are more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed; where all our cares must end; and how very little reason I have to repine or complain."

Such admirable sentiments need no comment: they must command our applause; and how much to be regretted is it, that they cannot equally command our imitation. No;

far otherwise is it with the generality of mankind; most of us blessed with the means of happiness, but all anxious for more. We labor, we study, we think to share the treasures of the world by continued efforts, deaf to the fact that when our possessions are enough for our necessities, an increase is only a clog on our virtuous indulgence of them, and that those years consumed in attempts to augment our wealth or our knowledge, are those best suited to the rational enjoyment of the blessings we already possess. We build as if we laid foundations almost for eternity; we engage in works that require years for completion, notwithstanding the frequent warning against such presumption that daily present themselves to our view. Surely the man who reflects on the casualities of life, can neither be careless nor covetous; more die in the spring and summer of their years, than live till the autumn or winter of them. Yet there is one plea for *liberal* minds who embark in works of great labor and time, which must not be disregarded, or receive the censure deserved by the avaricious or ambitious man. The desire of being beneficial to posterity, may influence their generous and indefatigable pursuits, and here the motive being clear, the praise cannot be too great. But my limits not admitting much enlargement, I shall conclude with a quotation from Juvenal, analogous to my first subject:

——Youth, too transient flow'r (of life's short day,
The shortest past) but blossoms to decay;
Lo! while we give the unregarded hour
To wine and revelry in pleasure's bow'r,
The noiseless foot of time steals quickly by,
And ere we dream of manhood, *age* is nigh.

R.

THE CULINARY MIRACLE.

A TRUE ANECDOTE.

A WAGGISH young Englishman residing for a short time at Lisbon, and being much diverted with the superstitious credulity of the Portuguese, promised to himself some amusement in a trick which he intended to practise on his hostess, though he did not meet with all the success he expected. Discoursing with the enthusiastic old woman one

day on the facility with which the tutelar saint of that country performed miracles, he assured her, that, though a heretic, he had the power to perform wonders equally astonishing with those of St. Ursula, St. Agnes, or any other saint of the calendar. The good old dame crossed herself piously at hearing what she called blasphemy, and boldly gave him defiance. "I will prove my assertion nevertheless, mother," replied the wag—"put over the fire in your pipkin two quarts of clear water." The dame did as she was desired. "Now," said he, "bring me a stone that will weigh about a pound." The woman hobbled forth, and returned quickly with what he required. He washed it clean, and then deposited it in the pipkin, muttering to himself an incomprehensible jargon all the while. When this simple preparation had boiled about two hours, during which the dame had never quitted the room, he called for a bason and spoon, which was no sooner produced, than he poured forth a quantity of as delicious soup as the good woman had ever tasted in her life. "Holy Mary!" she exclaimed, "what is this? soup made from a stone! never did I witness the like; this can be no imposition, for not a morsel of meat has been within my house this whole Lent," and the traveller had been confined himself by a smart touch of the gout. The affair was soon spread about; the old woman went from house to house proclaiming the miracle; some averred that the heretic had dealings with the infernal spirit, and the outcry was soon so general, that it reached the ears of the members of the Inquisition, before whom the stranger was summoned to appear. He felt a little alarm at this serious citation, but putting a bold face on the matter, obeyed the mandate, and to the surprise and mortification of the examiners, produced several cakes of English portable soup; describing the nature of the composition, and acknowledging that he had slily slipped a piece into the old woman's pipkin. Some of the Inquisitors, notwithstanding their habitual gravity, could not help laughing at the trick; and after much consultation, he was at length dismissed, being severely reprimanded, and cautioned never again to attempt the part of a miracle-worker in a catholic country, lest he should be condemned to be boiled to death in his own soup. E. F.

THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

It is not wealth, it is not power,
It is not Fortune's gilded hour,
That satisfies the will;
For, destitute of pomp and state,
Contented with his lowly fate,
Liv'd Collins of the Hill.——P.

THERE doubtless is a kind of restless spirit which actuates the mind of man, and induces him to be continually sighing after imaginary happiness, and to languish for some enjoyment he is not likely to possess. This eager thirst after unattainable pleasures is discoverable at the earliest period of life; for children are seldom satisfied with their present enjoyments, but are perpetually pining after those which are placed beyond their reach.

That our wants generally increase in proportion to the means we have of gratifying them, is an observation which experience daily proves: it is in the sphere of *humble life* that we must expect to find contentment, where nature has no imaginary wants. I have been led to make these observations from the opportunity I have recently had of making my remarks upon persons in humble life, who residing at the distance of an hundred miles from the metropolis, retain that simplicity of manners which the poets so beautifully describe. Poverty in the neighbourhood of London, and at an hundred miles distant from it, wears a totally different garb; for in the one situation it bears the marks of filth and *wretchedness*, whilst in the other it puts on the smiling aspect of content. By poverty, I do not mean actual distress or beggary, but allude to those who earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, and whose means are so confined that in all probability their families are not able to taste butcher's meat except on the Sabbath day. Numerous were the cottages which, during my excursion, I visited, whose humble inhabitants, doubtless, were placed in this case; but the rosy countenance of the children, and the smiling ones of their parents, convinced me that it is rather a luxury, than a necessary of life. Milk, potatoes, tea, and other vegetables,

amply supply the wants which nature requires, whilst *cleanliness*, that strengthener of the constitution, gives comfort to their little cottages, and promotes cheerfulness and health.

Returning from my little tour, I stopped at a village near Stamford, within a short distance of the Earl of Exeter's seat: it appeared overhung by the noble woods which surround that magnificent structure, and presented to the eye a most picturesque scene. Induced by the ties of friendship to pass a few days in the neighbourhood, and left at liberty to follow my taste, whilst the lady of the house was occupied in the cares of her family I amused myself by visiting the humble cottages which surrounded her elegant retreat. My friend, without possessing an affluent fortune, is the Lady Bountiful of the place: she has studied physic for the purpose of being useful to her humble neighbours, and, with the rector of the parish, is the only person of any consequence in the place. Saying that I was the friend of Mrs. H——, therefore, was a sufficient letter of introduction to the humble inhabitants of every cottage in which I felt inclined to peep; a chair was instantly set, delicious brown bread and butter offered, with an eagerness of civility which gave a zest to the humble treat. It would be difficult to paint the secret satisfaction which I derived from these morning walks; and where each was studious to pay respect and attention, no less so to particularize their civility and worth: but as I commenced my remarks by asserting that contentment chiefly dwells in lowly habitations, I shall close them by relating a scene which occurred.

There is always something in the sight of a flock of sheep which excites pleasure in my bosom: the morning air was peculiarly refreshing; the grounds on which they were grazing picturesque; they extended from the elevation of a hill down to a valley, which was watered by a streamlet which ran from the river Welland. At the foot of this gurgling stream sat the shepherd, clad with a neatness of apparel which could not fail to attract the eye, whilst his auburn locks, which were parted upon his forehead, displayed one of the finest countenances I had ever beheld. To my salutation he answered in terms so much above his situation, and in a voice so unprovincial, that I could scarcely avoid expressing my surprise; but whilst we were conversing upon the

beauty of the morning, a sudden gust of wind arose, the clouds rapidly formed into one dark body, and proclaimed a rising storm. I was near two miles distant from my friend's habitation, and without being actually intimidated, displayed symptoms of fear, which my intelligent companion observing, intreated me to hasten up the hill, at the same time pointing to a little cottage at its eminence, and promising to follow me as soon as he had folded his sheep. With joy I availed myself of the shepherd's civility; yet before I reached the humble dwelling the rain began to pour, and a violent peal of thunder actually shook the ground under my feet.

At the door of this cottage stood a young female, whose anxious eye wandered over the plain, yet whose charms, in spite of the fear which was visible on her countenance, exceeded those of any rustic's I had ever before seen. In a voice of the greatest sweetness she intreated me to enter, and avoid the inclemency of the storm, when, placing a chair for me in the corner, she requested permission to open the door, apologizing for the act by saying she was momentarily expecting a beloved father's return.

Whilst the lovely girl's attention was occupied in this filial mark of affection, I had an opportunity of taking a survey of the little room, which, in point of *neatness*, might have vied with a palace, and which the hands of its beautiful mistress had tastefully adorned. On the chimney-piece, instead of Grecian vases, were three small baskets, formed from reeds, inclosing earthen jars filled with flowers, and woven in a tasteful and fanciful shape. The pewter, which was arranged upon shelves, white as the breast of the Cygnet, actually might have been mistaken for *plate*; but, in short, was I to give a full description of every article which struck me, I should trespass too far upon my reader's time; suffice it, therefore, to say, that to neatness unprecedented was united a mixture of simplicity and taste.

The respectable owner of this little abode of cleanliness soon joined us, to the evident joy of the anxious girl, who, gazing upon his countenance with a look of the tenderest solicitude, returned thanks to Heaven that he was safe. The tempest had increased rapidly—the whole horizon actually appeared like one flame of fire, and the terrified Maria

threw herself for shelter into her father's arms.—" It is awful indeed!" said the respectable Collins; " but do not suppose, my dear girl, it is a mark of the Almighty's wrath; we ought rather to think it is sent for the benefit of his creatures; for it purifies and improves our vital air." This observation confirmed my former opinion, that my intelligent host had not always followed a shepherd's life; but curiosity was for a time suspended by the impressive awfulness of the scene. The clouds, at length, discharged of their electric matter, began to assume a less alarming shape, and dividing into smaller bodies, once more presented the glorious sun to our eyes. Maria observed, that she had never witnessed so alarming a tempest.—" You forget those which we saw in France," said her sire: this reply rekindled my curiosity, and as the rain was not entirely dispersed, I expressed my conviction that Collins had not always filled such an humble station, and intreated him to indulge me with a sketch of his life.

" I have seen a variety of situations, it is true, madam," replied my hospitable companion; " but I never was more happy than in my present state; in short, it is such as I was born to, and God Almighty has kindly blessed me with a contented mind. My father was a small farmer, and as the chief of his lands was pasture, he had about three score of sheep, which, as soon as I was old enough, were entrusted to my care. As a child, I was always remarkably fond of reading, and this fondness both parents indulged; for after the work of the day was concluded, I used to sit and read to them until we retired to rest. As a shepherd's life is rather an indolent one, I had an opportunity of gratifying my taste, and always had a book in my pocket, with which I amused myself whilst my sheep were at graze. The clergyman's son, a boy about my own age, generously offered to lend me books; and one morning I was so completely intent upon Shenstone's Pastorals, that I was several times spoken to by a gentleman before I heard.

" It may appear like vanity, madam, if I say he was struck by my appearance; but at that time I was allowed to be a handsome boy, for my curling locks overspread a countenance in which health and good-humour were strikingly displayed.—Not to trespass too far upon your patience, the

stranger, who had inquired the way to the rectory, proved to be Sir Charles D——, who was the patron of our rector, with whom he was going to spend a week. During that period, Sir Charles visited me daily, and was so much pleased with my childish remarks, that he proposed to my parents to educate me with his only son. Fondly as they were attached to my person, yet the proposal was too flattering to be refused. I therefore became a member of the worthy baronet's family, and enjoyed the same advantages of education as the youthful heir. Delighted as I was at having an opportunity of improving my mind, yet the overbearing conduct of Master Frederick frequently made me wish to return to my parents again; for he was not only envious of the partiality Sir Charles displayed towards me, but of the praise which our tutor bestowed. The antipathy he felt towards me was so strong, his father could not avoid observing it, and threatened to punish him severely if he did not alter his plan; but this tended to increase his hatred, and he took every opportunity to render my life miserable that was in the power of malice to suggest.

"How often, when surrounded with *grandeur*, have I wished myself seated upon my native plains, watching the harmless companions of my childhood, and quenching my thirst in some pellucid stream. To describe, madam, all the malicious tricks which this unamiable boy played me, would, without entertaining, trespass upon your time: *one*, however, I cannot avoid mentioning, as the result of it was the means of making a total alteration in his mind.—A beautiful piece of water ran at the bottom of Sir Charles's garden, on which were two pleasure-boats, which, on some occasion, were moored so near each other, that a plank was laid across, and Master Frederick proposed, as an amusement, that we should *hop* across the plank. Each had performed this *great enterprise*, when he offered to bet me a shilling I could not do it a second time: this bet I readily accepted, but, just as I had got to the middle of the plank, he seized one end of it, and precipitated me into the stream. By some means, the board proved too heavy for him, and slipped off the edge of the boat, and in endeavouring to replace it, he fell overboard; fortunately, my father had taught me the art of swimming, and I was making towards the shore,

when Frederick, in the most supplicating accents, implored me to save his life. Scarcely had he made this appeal to my humanity, than he sunk beneath the waves, and the suction of the boat in two seconds would have drawn him completely under her keel. I saw his danger; and diving after him, caught hold of his hair, then exerting all the strength which I was master of, providentially reached the shore. We were both so nearly exhausted that some minutes elapsed before we could speak; and whilst we lay stretched upon the grass, almost in a state of insensibilty, Sir Charles D—— accidentally passed. Frederick, roused by the appearance of his father, endeavoured to account for the state in which we were; but a sudden faintness overwhelmed him, and he dropped apparently lifeless upon the grass, but a violent sickness succeeding, he relieved his stomach of its oppressive load.

"*I* was too much exhausted to reply to my patron's anxious inquiries; Frederick, however, fabricated a plausible tale; and said, that in passing from one boat to the other his foot had accidentally slipped, and that I, seeing his danger, had rushed into the stream, and at the hazard of my *own existence* dragged him to the shore. Whilst deceiving his father by this plausible relation, he cast on me an imploring eye, to intreat me to corroborate the assertion; which I did, as soon as I was able to speak. Sir Charles's expressions of gratitude were unbounded—he pressed me to his bosom, called me the preserver of his son; and the moment Lady D—— was made acquainted with the circumstance, she offered me a fifty pound note.

"Young as I was, my mind was too independent to receive a pecuniary reward for an act which humanity dictated, although the object was so undeserving the exertion I had made.—The moment we were left alone Frederick fell on his knees before me, and implored me never to betray the crime, calling Heaven to witness that he should ever love me with the affection of a brother, and consider me as his dearest friend. I had reason to consider this circumstance as completely fortunate, for my residence at D—— Abbey was no longer rendered painful by the insulting behaviour of its future Lord, and as I had completed my fifteenth year

Sir Charles desired me to make choice of the plan of life I wished to pursue.

"I requested permission to consult my parents, whom I had not seen for a length of time, as I resolved to follow their wishes, though I was particularly partial to the farming line.—Though I had regularly corresponded with my father, he had never informed me of the declining state of his health, and never shall I forget the shock I experienced when I beheld the alteration which two years and a half had made. That my poor mother was soon likely to want a protector I was persuaded, as well as a person to manage her little farm; and this conviction induced me to write immediately to Sir Charles D——, and intreat his permission to remain at home. To this letter I received an immediate answer, couched in *friendly*, but rather *angry* terms, and at the same time pointing out the *folly* of my remaining at *home:* 'Had I not thought you a lad of *abilities*, (said my patron) I should not have placed you upon an *equality* with my son, and given you those advantages which might enable you to make a figure in life.'—By these observations I perceived I should lose Sir Charles's friendship, if I followed the dictates of my heart, and I was too sensible of the kindness I had received from him to do any thing that might lessen me in his esteem. With the most painful regret, therefore, I took leave of my beloved parents, and returned to my patron's splendid abode, and then requested he would point out the line of life *he wished* me to *pursue*.

"The generous man applauded the pliancy of my disposition: 'You shall not, my dear William,' (said he) repent the confidence you have placed in me: my son has made choice of the army; I wish you to pursue the same line of life; he is now as much attached to, as he once *disliked you*, and on your friendly admonitions I can firmly rely. I have already purchased an ensigncy for Frederick; he joins his regiment next week; and the moment I can obtain a company for him, you shall have the appointment which he now fills, which I will purchase for you, and I doubt not but by *merit* you soon will *rise*. You may probably think I ought to do more for the preserver of the

life of my only child! but at my death you will find I have not been ungrateful, and if I placed you upon an equality with Frederick, it might excite envy in his mind."

I could not avoid interrupting my benefactor by assuring him that he had done more than I desired, or deserved; but a close was put to our conversation by the unexpected arrival of company at the house. Mr. Frederick D—— joined his regiment at the time his father had specified. I continued for about nine months at the abbey, pursuing my studies, and endeavouring to make myself acquainted with the profession by which I was to rise. As Sir Charles possessed both interest and money, a company was obtained for his son at the period I have named, and an ensigncy, in the same regiment, purchased for me.

(*To be continued.*)

THE OLD BACHELOR

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY S MUSEUM.

MR. EDITOR,

AS I perceive you have paid me the compliment of inserting the opinions of an Old Bachelor, even at the hazard of exciting the resentment of the fair, I shall, without farther ceremony, assign a few more reasons for having avoided the marriage state.

I concluded my epistle with the description of a water party, in which the caprices of an individual had banished even the appearance of social joy; and jumping into the boat which, as I before observed, was sailing towards London, I congratulated myself on my fortunate escape.

"Where will your honor please to land?" inquired the waterman, "I plies at Blackfriar's stairs." The spot instantly brought to my recollection an old acquaintance, whom I had not seen for five and twenty years; and as I had no particular occupation for the evening, I resolved to call upon Sir John Reed. Sir John was one of those lucky fellows who verify the old adage, "That it is better to be born *fortunate* than *rich*;" for his ancestors, from the third

and fourth generation, had never filled a higher office than that of parish clerk. As my father happened to be rector of the parish, a boyish intimacy took place between myself and John; and as his disposition was remarkably docile, he became a general favorite at the parsonage-house. A grocer, of extensive business in the city, who generally travelled for the purpose of collecting money from those whom he served with goods, happening to sleep at the village, expressed a curiosity to see the church, and John's father being absent, the boy officiated in his place. The grocer was so much pleased with the lad's communicative disposition, that he offered to take him to town; and as old Reed had a numerous family, he readily agreed to part with his son.

By civility of manners, and unwearied attention to business, in the space of five years John was raised to the post of book-keeper in Mr. Congo's house; and possessing the advantage of a good person, he soon contrived to make an impression upon Miss Congo's heart, a young lady who enjoyed all the advantages of *fortune*, but to whose exalted merits nature had been blind. This spotless virgin, who had reached her grand climacteric, had none of those squeamish whims about her which more youthful females possess; and as John was too timid to avail himself of her advances, actually made him an offer of her hand. The grateful youth eagerly grasped at the proffered treasure. Miss proposed an excursion to Gretna Green, assuring him that her papa was such an old miser, he would never give his consent. John, however, was too cautious to run the risk of offending his master; and therefore wisely thought proper to make him acquainted with the proposal he had received, declaring, that though he was passionately in love with Miss Congo, he could never act so ungratefully towards his best friend. The old man was so completely duped by this politic manœuvre, that he not only consented to the match, but gave him a share in the business, and to the name of Congo added that of Reed.

The son of a parish clerk was now raised to a state of opulence, and what seldom occurs in sudden elevations, all his family were aggrandised; for John not only made a comfortable settlement upon his parents, but actually put all his brothers out to different trades, and by these acts of

kindness and affection, gained the applause of those who had known him in a different station of life. During the life of his parents, John regularly visited the place of his nativity every year; but after their decease, he discontinued the practice, and I had not seen him for the time I have named. Sir John was now become too conspicuous a personage for me to have any difficulty in finding him out, and upon landing at Blackfriars, the waterman directed me to the worthy knight's house.

Upon inquiring for my old acquaintance, I was informed by a surly porter that his master was not at home. I then demanded an audience with her Ladyship, who, when visiting the country, had always made my house her home. I was accordingly ushered into a spacious drawing-room, and informed that the lady of the mansion would attend me in a quarter of an hour. This I considered as a great breach of politeness; but thought a *title* had turned the head of the plain, yet apparently *humble*, Mrs. Reed.

I had ample time to take a survey of the elegance of the apartments; for folding doors being thrown open, I had the range of two rooms, furnished in a style truly magnificent, and totally unlike what I might have expected from the apparent taste of her Ladyship, or my friend John. Near half an hour elapsed without the lady making her appearance; my pride was piqued, and I was in the act of ringing the bell, when the sound of several female voices stopped me from pulling the string. The door was thrown open by a footman, when a lady, attired in the height of fashion, reclining upon the arm of a girl of about fourteen, entered the room.

"I ought to apologize for having detained you, but the desert was just placed upon the table," said she, in a languishing tone of voice, at the same time throwing herself upon a Grecian sopha, and desiring the servant to place a cushion under her feet. I gazed upon her with a look of surprise and indifference, and coldly observed, "no apology was due to me;" adding, "that not finding Sir John at home, I had merely wished to pay the compliment of inquiring after the health of Lady Reed." "I am as well as I can be, immersed within the smoak of London at this unseasonable

time of the year," replied her lisping Ladyship, at the same time taking a survey of herself in the glass.

I now easily discovered my error, and at once perceived the *folly* of my *friend*, if such a term can be applicable to a man whom I had not seen for five and twenty years. As my curiosity was raised, I was determined to prolong my visit until the master of the mansion arrived: we were soon joined by two other females, and a young officer in the guards, whom I discovered to be Lady Reed's brother, and who seemed to act as entire master of the house. Coffee was scarcely brought in, when the names of Sir Charles Clevely and Mr. Cooper were announced, each of whom, from their appearance, had been offering their devotions at the shrine of the Rosy god.

"My dear Lady Reed," said the former of these puppies, "I am come to kill an hour or two with you to-night; upon my soul I have gone through greater fatigue than Hercules, for I have been marching my men to that infernal place the bank; and have been so jostled and incommoded by the canaille, that on my soul I have scarcely a whole piece in my skin. Do, for heaven's sake, my adored creature, take pity upon my misfortune, and harmonize my feelings by touching the harp, for the discordant sounds which have assailed me since I left the palace, actually still vibrate upon my ears." "And have you really been obliged to march your men from St. James's to Cornhill?" inquired a young lady, who had hitherto been silent, in a satirical tone of voice; "upon my honor, Sir Charles, it is an *exertion* which I should not have supposed it possible for *you* to have gone through! and for nerves formed of so fine a texture, to be exposed to the rude sounds of the multitude! Oh! it was a trial scarcely to have been borne."

"I am accustomed to *your remarks*, my fair cousin," replied the Baronet; "but they produce no greater effects than a flash in the pan." "A *flash* of any kind, Charles," rejoined the young lady, "is sufficient to make *you* take to *your heels*; so fly into Lady Reed's dressing-room, and if *able* to carry it, bring her harp." This second retort Sir Charles did not think it proper to notice, except by conveying the harp, which, to do her Ladyship justice, she touched in a peculiar elegant style. The young Baronet appeared transported, and as a reward for the performance,

gallantly embraced her Ladyship's hand, which Eliza perceiving, slyly exclaimed, "Here is Sir John! and I am resolved to tell him that Lady Reed is become a *public performer*, and receives a *reward* for the entertainment she gives her friends."

"For heaven's sake, Eliza, do not be ridiculous!" exclaimed the embarrassed Lady Reed; but before any reply could be made to the intreaty, Sir John entered the room; and after shaking me by the hand with a warmth which almost threatened to dislocate my shoulder, presented me to the company as the *patron* of his *youth*, or rather as a friend who had been uniformly kind to him when he was in an *abject state*.

This sort of introduction evidently disconcerted his lady, who pettishly asked "why he was continually adverting to *past times?*" "Because, my dear," said he, "I never wish to *forget* an *obligation;* and to that gentleman's father I may say I owe all I possess; for he it was who gave Mr. Congo a *good character* of me, and induced him to take me into his house."

"Do, for heaven's sake! Sir John, drop such degrading conversation," retorted the lady of the mansion; "or if you wish to publish your origin to the world, get it printed upon fine wove paper, and have hand-bills stuck up at St. Paul's: but surely I must have been mad to marry such a *mushroom*, who is continually reminding me of the *manure* which raised his head above the *earth*."

"Well now, my sweet one!" replied the affrighted husband, "*do not* be in the *pout;* but Lord bless my soul, why should I not mention as how my *own industry* got me *up* in the *world?* why *your* father, you know, my dear, was bred and born a *gentleman*, and yet contrived to outrun his estate; and I should be glad to know, if you had not *married me*, where you would have been at his death? Lord bless ye, we are all flesh and blood together, and what difference will there be between us in the other world?"

"The difference of *soul, sense*, and *sentiment!*" rejoined her Ladyship, casting a look upon poor Benedick of the most marked contempt; then turning to Sir Charles Clevely, she languishingly asked whether he was too much fatigued to accompany a song with his flute. "I am ever obedient to

the commands, and ever anxious to anticipate the *wishes* of your *ladyship*," replied the baronet, fetching a flute from a music-stand in an adjoining room.—"There now, that was prettily said," exclaimed the cornuted husband, for such, in my opinion, he was.—"But Lord, sir, that's what folks get by good *education:* why I might have puzzled my brains for six months, and not brought out such a speech."

"But the plainness of your remarks, my good friend, it is evident, pleased the ladies, or, according to a general expression, you would not *twice* have been noosed," I rejoined, clapping him upon his shoulder, and at the same time drawing him into the back-room.—"Why when I first married," replied the citizen, "you know, I was but a boy; there was something in *me*, however, that pleased poor Rebecca, and her *fortune* was the *making* of *me;* I can't say I loved, but I *valued her*, and I thought I never should have been happy again when she died.

"I was dreadfully bad a few months after, and went to Mortlock, according to the doctor's advice; and there, by chance, I saw the pretty creature who is now my wife. Her father was a general in the army, but I fear a sad dog; for he spent every *penny*, and left three children without any support. I bought a commission in the Guards for my Emma's brother, who has the *run* of our *house*, and who is always bringing some of his comrades, which is what I do not altogether like; and that there Sir Charles Clevely the world says pays too much attention to my wife; but, Lord bless ye, she loves me too dearly to give a thought after any other man."

Heaven bless your credulity, my good fellow! thought I, without expressing what I felt.—"Don't you think her a sweet creature!" he demanded, watching me with the eye of a lynx.—"*Charming!*" I replied; "but let us have a little more *music*, for Lady Reed's performance upon the harp is actually divine." As we re-entered the room, I perceived Sir Charles Clevely slip a folded paper into her ladyship's hand, which she in some confusion forced into her pocket-hole, and appeared to be intently perusing a song. A loud rap at the door now called forth her ladyship's attention, and flying towards the window, the billet-doux dropped, which, unobserved by any of the party, I instantly picked

up, and put into my pocket with greater precaution than the lady had used.

That monster, conscience, instantly told me I was guilty of an action which propriety must condemn; but my curiosity was too strongly excited for me to be able to resist; and whilst the attention of the company was taken up by the harmony of Lady Reed's performance, I retired to an unoccupied window, and perused the note. Then I received positive conviction of that which I had before surmised. Poor Sir John! but peace to his memory; for on the following day he expired in an apoplectic fit, leaving his young widow in possession of property to the amount of eighty thousand pounds.

As Lord Kenyon has decreed, that *truth* is a *libel*, I have described the son of a parish clerk under a feigned name; but should this letter ever meet the eye of his *disconsolate relict, her conscience* will bear testimony to the truth of my report. Though there is little novelty to recommend the circumstances I have related, yet I flatter myself, Mr. Editor, some beneficial consequences may ensue; and if old men will be weak enough to marry mere children, they should, at least, take upon themselves the careful office of a nurse, and prevent them from falling into error, by watching their motions with an attentive eye.

Poor Sir John, in all probability, expired at a lucky moment, at least he escaped the mortification of knowing his head was adorned; yet that confidence which he felt in the sincerity of his wife's affection might, in time, have induced her to be less upon her guard, and his latter days would then have been embittered by a conviction that he had been grossly deceived.

Though business had not occasioned my visit to the metropolis, before quitting it I thought it necessary to call upon a gentleman in Lincoln's Inn, whom I had empowered to receive the rent of several old houses which I possessed in St. George's Fields. This gentleman and myself had been in the habit of intimacy for a number of years, and his wife I had always considered as a pattern for the rest of her sex.—In this family I thought I saw the very height of human happiness: love and contentment seemed to dwell in Lincoln's Inn; even the children appeared to vie with each other

in anticipating the wishes of their parents, and in paying attention to their friends. Upon rapping at the door, I inquired for Mr. Aldridge, and on being informed he was not at home, I demanded at what hour he was expected, which seemed to produce a degree of embarrassment in the lad, and upon my repeating the inquiry, with a sorrowful countenance he shook his head.

A variety of vague ideas rushed into my imagination: death or bankruptcy, I feared, had occurred, and upon demanding an explanation, I found that this *apparently attached husband* had gone off with a servant maid, and left an amiable wife and eight children to deplore his loss. To have some conversation with this unfortunate female, was absolutely necessary; I therefore sent up my name, and never will the scene which followed be eradicated from my mind. The weeping mother was surrounded by her lovely offspring, the youngest of whom was hanging at the breast, and the eldest, a boy about fourteen, was in the act of looking over his father's books.

"You are come to make a *claim;* for my poor Charles has just informed me his father is near eight hundred pounds in your debt," said the unhappy Mrs. Aldridge, impressively shaking my hand.—"I ask *no claims* but those of *friendship*, my dear madam," I replied, in a suffocated tone of voice; "only tell me how I can be useful to you, for Charles is rather too young for a clerk." This abandoned man, (whom I had believed so excellent an *husband*,) upon examining the books, I found had absconded with near seven thousand pounds, and left his family without any other provision than that of a small annuity settled upon his wife.—Fortunately five out of the eight children happen to be boys; two are at the Blue-coat School, and the eldest I have placed in a banking-house.

So much, Mr. Editor, even for the *appearance* of *happiness* in the *marriage station:* can you, or any of your correspondents, blame me for the *choice* I have *made?* Be that as it may, I would as soon face the mouth of a cannon as run the hazard of imbittering my future days.

I remain, Sir,

Your sincere well wisher,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

ON

THE PRESENT AWFUL CRISIS.

THE very extraordinary events which have occurred during the last seventeen years, and which are now taking place in the world, are well calculated to impress every reflecting mind, but particularly those who believe in revelation, that the Almighty rules among the inhabitants of the earth, and that he is bringing about events of the highest concern with a rapid succession which baffles and confounds equally the wisest philosopher and deepest politician.

Yet to behold an individual raised from a low and obscure situation, exalting himself, through treachery, and perfidy, and cruelty, and bloodshed, to a higher pinnacle of power than ever fell to the lot of any other mortal; to see him arrogate to himself a controul as if he was a God, and even receive adulation as such, might tempt even a deist to doubt the existence of a Supreme Being.

To see the counsels of the best informed, the wisest and most powerful states, both singly and combined, turned either against themselves, or brought to nought; to see thrones vanish, and new ones established; to see others tributary to the Colossal Atlas, or expecting to have their doom fixed by his fiat, may well occasion an awful dread of what may be next attempted, and excite a fear lest the civilized world shall become the seat of lawless violence, anarchy, and bloodshed, to the total extinction of every thing moral, virtuous, and praiseworthy.

This would certainly be the issue of the present contest for universal dominion, had this scourge of humanity and his ferocious hordes the supreme controul: but there is One *greater than he*, whose will and predetermined counsel he is unknowingly fulfilling; which when accomplished, and not till then, he must fall like one of the princes, or die like other men.

In nothing does the long-suffering of God and his forbearance to a guilty world appear more conspicuous than withholding man from his purpose, lest violence should

again overspread the earth, by establishing the powers that be for the punishment of evil doers, and the praise of them that do well.

This highly-favoured island has often experienced signal proofs of this divine protection, though, as a nation, we are unworthy of it; for luxury, effeminacy, and vice, increase apace, which were the forerunners of the downfall of equally mighty empires.

Is it not, therefore, high time to curb such destructive propensities, and, by individual reformation, produce that public reform so necessary to meet the exigencies of the nation, which a diminished trade, or increased expenses for self-defence, may require, in consequence of the wide-extended power of the disturber of the universe?

EUSEBES.

POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

HOW irresistible is the power of conscience! It is a viper which twines itself round the heart, and cannot be shook off. It lays fast hold of us; it lies down with us, and stings us in our sleep. It rises with us, and preys upon our vitals. Hence ancient moralists compared an evil conscience to a vulture feeding upon our liver, and the pangs that are felt by the one to the throes of the other; supposing at the same time the vulture's hunger to be insatiable, and this entrail to be most exquisitely sensible of pain, and to grow as fast as it is devoured. What can be a stronger representation of the most lingering and most acute corporeal pains? Yet, strong as it is, it falls greatly short of the anguish of a guilty conscience. Imagination, when at rest, cannot conceive the horrors which, when troubled, it can create, or the tortures to which it can give birth.

What must have been the state of the mind of Bessus, a native of Pelonia, in Greece, when he disclosed the following authenticated fact? His neighbours seeing him one day extremely earnest in pulling down some birds' nests, and passionately destroying their young, could not help taking notice of it, and upbraiding him with his ill-nature and cruelty to poor creatures, that, by nestling so near him, seemed to court his protection and hospitality; he replied, that their

voice was to him insufferable, as they never ceased twitting him with the murder of his father.

This execrable villany had lain concealed many years, and never been suspected. In all probability it never would have come to light, had not the avenging fury of conscience drawn, by these extraordinary means, a public acknowledgment of it from the parricide's own mouth.

Bessus is not the only person that has stood self-convicted. Though the discovery has not been distinguished by such a strange circumstance, many have made a voluntary confession, and sought for a refuge from the torments of conscience in death.—What a lesson for all men to keep a conscience void of offence!

CURIOUS COMBAT.

TWO gentlemen of high birth, the one a Spaniard, and the other a German, having rendered Maximilian II. many great services, they each for recompence demanded his natural daughter, Helena Scharsequinn, in marriage. The prince, who entertained equal respect for them both, could not give either the preference; and after much delay, he told them, that from the claims they both had to his attention and regard, he could not give his assent for either of them to marry his daughter, and they must decide it by their own power and address; but as he did not wish to risk the loss of either, or both, by suffering them to fight with offensive weapons, he had ordered a large bag to be brought, and he who was successful enough to put his rival in it, should obtain his daughter. This strange combat, between two gentlemen, was in presence of the whole imperial court, and lasted near an hour. At length the Spaniard yielded, and the German, André Eberhard, baron of Tatbert, when he had him in the bag, took him on his back, and placed him at the emperor's feet, and on the following day he married the beautiful Helena.

ÆNIGMA FROM THE ANTHOLOGIA.

Q. I am: no hold, I am not; the moment I say, I am, I am not?

A. Silent. G. M.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

(From Du Broca's Interesting Anecdotes, &c.)

THE beautiful and accomplished Madame Lavergne, had been married but a very short time to M. Lavergne, governor of Longwy, when that fort surrendered to the Prussians. The moment Longwy was retaken by the French, the governor was arrested, and conducted to one of the prisons of Paris: Madame Lavergne followed to the capital. She was then scarcely twenty years of age, and one of the loveliest women of France. Her husband was upwards of sixty, yet his amiable qualities first won her esteem, and his tenderness succeeded to inspire her with an affection as sincere and fervent as that which he possessed for her.

That dreadful epocha of the Revolution had already arrived, when the scaffold reeked daily with the blood of its unfortunate victims; and while Lavergne expected every hour to be summoned before the dreaded tribunal, he fell sick in his dungeon. This accident, which at any other moment would have filled the heart of Madame Lavergne with grief and inquietude, now elevated her to hope and consolation. She could not believe there existed a tribunal so barbarous, as to bring a man before the judgment-seat, who was suffering under a burning fever. A perilous disease, she imagined, was the present safeguard of her husband's life; and she promised herself, that the fluctuation of events would change his destiny, and finish in his favour, that which nature had so opportunely begun. Vain expectation! the name of Lavergne had been irrevocably inscribed on the fatal list of the 11th *Germinal, of the second year of the republic, (June 25th,* 1794), and he must on that day submit to his fate.

Madame Lavergne informed of this decision, had recourse to tears and supplications. Persuaded that she could soften the hearts of the representatives of the people, by a faithful picture of Lavergne's situation; she presented herself before the Committee of General Safety: she demanded that her husband's trial should be delayed, whom she repre-

sented as a prey to a dangerous and cruel disease, deprived of his strength, of his faculties, and of all those powers either of body or mind, which could enable him to confront his intrepid and arbitrary accusers.

"Imagine, Oh citizens!" said the agonized wife of Lavergne, "such an unfortunate being as I have described, dragged before a tribunal about to decide upon his life, while reason abandons him, while he cannot understand the charges brought against him, nor has sufficient power of utterance to declare his innocence. His accusers in full possession of their moral and physical strength, and already inflamed with hatred against him, are instigated even by his helplessness to more than ordinary exertions of malice; while the accused, subdued by bodily suffering and mental infirmity, is appalled or stupified, and barely sustains the dregs of his miserable existence. Will you, Oh citizens of France, call a man to trial while in the phrenzy of delirium? Will you summon him, who perhaps at this moment expires upon the bed of pain, to hear that irrevocable sentence, which admits of no medium between liberty or the scaffold? and, if you unite humanity with justice, can you suffer an old man——" At these words every eye was turned upon Madame Lavergne, whose youth and beauty, contrasted with the idea of an aged and infirm husband, gave rise to very different emotions in the breasts of the members of the committee, from those with which she had so eloquently sought to inspire them. They interrupted her with coarse jests and indecent raillery. One of the members assured her, with a scornful smile, that young and handsome as she was, it would not be so difficult as she appeared to imagine, to find means of consolation for the loss of a husband, who, in the common course of nature, had lived already long enough. Another of them, equally brutal, and still more ferocious, added, that the fervour with which she had pleaded the cause of such an husband, was an unnatural excess, and therefore the committee could not attend to her petition.

Horror, indignation, and despair, took possession of the soul of Madame Lavergne; she had heard the purest and most exalted affection for one of the worthiest of men, contemned and vilified as a degraded appetite. She had been wantonly insulted, while demanding justice, by the admini-

strators of the laws of a nation, and she rushed in silence from the presence of these inhuman men, to hide the bursting agony of her sorrows.

One faint ray of hope yet arose to cheer the gloom of Madame Lavergne's despondency. Dumas was one of the judges of the tribunal, and him she had known previous to the Revolution. Her repugnance to seek this man in his new career, was subdued by a knowledge of his power, and her hopes of his influence. She threw herself at his feet, bathed them with her tears, and conjured him by all the claims of mercy and humanity, to prevail on the tribunal to delay the trial of her husband till the hour of his recovery. Dumas replied coldly, that it did not belong to him to grant the favour she solicited, nor should he chuse to make such a request to the tribunal: then, in a tone somewhat animated by insolence and sarcasm, he added, "and is it then so great a misfortune, madam, to be delivered from a troublesome husband of sixty, whose death will leave you at liberty to employ your youth and charms more usefully?"

Such a reiteration of insult, roused the unfortunate wife of Lavergne to desperation; she shrieked with insupportable anguish, and, rising from her humble posture, she extended her arms towards heaven, and exclaimed—"Just God! will not the crimes of these atrocious men awaken thy vengeance! Go, monster," she cried to Dumas, "I no longer want thy aid, I no longer need to supplicate thy pity: away to the tribunal, there will I also appear: then shall it be known whether I deserve the outrages which thou and thy base associates have heaped upon me."

From the presence of the odious Dumas, and with a fixed determination to quit a life that was now become hateful to her, Madame Lavergne repaired to the hall of the tribunal, and mixing with the crowd, waited in silence for the hour of trial. The barbarous proceedings of the day commence—M. Lavergne is called for—the jailors support him thither on a mattrass; a few questions are proposed to him, to which he answers in a feeble and dying voice, and sentence of death is pronounced upon him.

Scarcely had the sentence passed the lips of the judge, when Madame Lavergne cried with a loud voice, *Vive le*

Roi! The persons nearest the place whereon she stood, eagerly surrounded, and endeavoured to silence her, but the more the astonishment and alarm of the multitude augmented, the more loud and vehement became her cries of *Vive le Roi!* The guard was called, and directed to lead her away. She was followed by a numerous crowd, mute with consternation or pity; but the passages and stair-cases still resounded every instant with *Vive le Roi!* till she was conducted into one of the rooms belonging to the court of justice, into which the Public Accuser came to interrogate her on the motives of her extraordinary conduct.

"I am not actuated," she answered, "by any sudden impulse of despair or revenge, for the condemnation of M. Lavergne, but from the love of royalty, which is rooted in my heart. I adore the system that you have destroyed. I do not expect any mercy from you, for I am your enemy; I abhor your republic, and will persist in the confession I have publicly made, as long as I live."

Such a declaration was without reply: the name of Madame Lavergne was instantly added to the list of suspected persons: a few minutes afterwards she was brought before the tribunal, where she again uttered her own accusation, and was condemned to die. From that instant the agitation of her spirits subsided, serenity took possession of her mind, and her beautiful countenance announced only the peace and satisfaction of her soul.

On the day of execution, Madame Lavergne first ascended the cart, and desired to be so placed that she might behold her husband. The unfortunate M. Lavergne had fallen into a swoon, and was in that condition extended upon straw in the cart, at the feet of his wife, without any signs of life. On the way to the place of execution, the motion of the cart had loosened the bosom of Lavergne's shirt, and exposed his breast to the scorching rays of the sun, till his wife intreated the executioner to take a pin from her handkerchief and fasten his shirt. Shortly afterwards Madame Lavergne, whose attention never wandered from her husband for a single instant, perceived that his senses returned, and called him by his name; at the sound of that voice, whose melody had so long been withheld from him, Lavergne raised his eyes, and fixed them on her with a look at

once expressive of terror and affection. "Do not be alarmed," she said, "it is your faithful wife who called you; you know I could not live without you, and we are going to die together." Lavergne burst into tears of gratitude, sobs and tears relieved the oppression of his heart, and he became able once more to express his love and admiration of his virtuous wife. The scaffold, which was intended to separate, united them for ever.

ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON.

MR. GARRICK was once present with Dr. Johnson at the table of a nobleman, where, amongst other guests, was one of whose near connexions some disgraceful anecdote was then in circulation. It had reached the ears of Johnson, who, after dinner, took an opportunity of relating it in his most acrimonious manner. Garrick, who sat near to him, pinched his arm, and trod upon his toe, and made use of other means to interrupt the thread of his narrative; but all was in vain. The doctor proceeded, and when he had finished the story, he turned gravely round to Garrick, of whom before he had taken no notice whatever. "Thrice," said he, "Davy, have you trod upon my toe; thrice have you pinched my arm; and now, if what I have related be a falsehood, convict me before this company." Garrick replied not a word, but frequently declared afterwards that he never felt half so much perturbation, even when he met "his father's ghost."

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESS.

WHITE Muslin short Dress, trimmed with Lace round the Bottom—A Grey Pelisse of Georgian Cloth—Embossed Velvet Bonnet the same Colour—Silver Bear Muff.

FULL DRESS.

White Sarsnet round Dress, with a long Train, and ornamented with Lace—Long Shawl of Crimson Silk—Hair fashionably Dressed—Swansdown Muff—White Kid Gloves and Shoes.

MORNING DRESS. FULL DRESS.

Published by Vernor Hood & Sharp. Poultry Dec.r 1.st 1806.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

TO THREE BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN.

A FRAGMENT.——BY G. DYER.

——— SWEET innocents! Yes, when I gaze
On those young smiling eyes, and stroke those cheeks,
Like velvet soft, and kiss those little hands,
Fair, as the lily fair; and when I hear
Your merry mimic prattlings, and behold
Your sports, so cheap, so harmless, yet so gay;
Oh! then I something feel within my breast
Of what thy parents feel, when fondling you,
They call you lambs, their pretty playful lambs,
With kisses smothering you: then too I feel
What felt that artist* who divinely sketch'd
Three lovely children, adding to the group
A cherub's face, as tho' he meant to say
"Earth has not such a group:"—Sweet Innocents!
Yes, frolic still, like the young lambs still sport,
To antic play and pleasure only alive,
Thoughtless of future evil.—As for me,
Why should Reflection, in its busy mood,
Disturb these feelings? Why should some sad, PERHAPS,
Muse on that future day, when pining Grief
To raptures may succeed? When racking Pain
May quite distract you, till you pray to Death
To grant a long'd dismission: when, at length,
You, who now gamesome, fill your parents breasts
With transport, shall, with your dying breath, bequeath
A heart-ache, which no time may ever cure.
Why should I muse thus sadly? Hence, vile Thought!
Rather let Fancy point to future days

* Alludes to a painting of Rubens, in the Wilton Collection, containing a Group of Children, with a Cherub.

When your fond parents hopes and joys shall rise
Still higher, blessing you, when they shall see
Their dearest little ones advanc'd in years,
And every year something more lovely added,
To what before was lovely—still let it point
To days more distant; when those young blue eyes,
When those fair cheeks, and those soft pretty hands,
Shall have new powers; when what but pleases now
Shall all beholders charm; oh! then may you
Be greatly good, as you are pretty now!
And may you find friends worthy of loving you,
Worthy of being lov'd: So may you live
Then happy, as you now are innocent.

THE WAKE;

A Rural Tale.

" COME, Susan come, 'tis time to rise,
" No longer court your lazy bed,
" The purple of the evening skies
" Already blooms with morning red.
" Remember we must trudge away
" Before we reach our native place,
" And in the middle of the day
" You're very apt to lag your pace.

" Then come, nor let me longer wait,
" To hear the crowing of the cock,
" For, by the sun upon the gate,
" I know 'tis nearly five o'clock;
" I long to see you ope the door,
" And with me o'er the meadows stray,
" For if the breakfast should be o'er,
" What will your aunt and mother say?

" Then do not spend that time in dress
" Which would be better spent with me,
" For if you wear a little less,
" The more contented I shall be;
" In gaudy cloaths to be array'd,
" Does nought but scorn and envy gain,
" But every one respects the maid
" Attir'd in garments neat and plain.

" The fog which hung upon the air
" Denotes a hot and sultry day,
" And as the sky becomes more fair,
" The sun-beams on the river play:

" Then pray make haste, I long to go
" Before the morning grows too late,
" And if you are so very slow,
" No longer for you will I wait."

Thus spoke a swain, whose sun-burnt brow
Seem'd the rough index of his heart,
Where chearfulness did ever glow,
And honesty devoid of art;
His hat and button-hole display'd
The choicest of the garden's pride,
But e'en the roses seem'd to fade
When with his blooming cheeks they vied.

And now the lovely maid appeared,
And, smiling roguishly, she cried,
" Until my story you have heard,
" I pr'ythee, Thomas, do not chide;
" For Nanny Hodjetts cruel maid,
" Out of a mean and wicked spite,
" My bonnet and best gown mislaid,
" When in my chamber yesternight.

" Then do not frown, and look so glum,
" To spoil the pleasure of my day,
" For well I know that there are some
" Who longer still for me would stay;
" But that is nothing, let it pass,
" For Susan ever will be true,
" And well I know there's ne'er a lass
" Loves her lad more than I do you."

" Enough," cried Tom, " I'm satisfied
" With every thing that you can do;
" And now together, side by side,
" We'll to the wake our way pursue;
" I wonder if my uncle Joe,
" Or cousin Roger, will be there,
" Or the odd fellow with the show
" That we did see at Spratton fair."

As on they went, said Sue, " I vow
" I verily begin to tire."
" Nay, nay," said Thomas, " ne'er say so,
" For yonder see the village spire:
" That spire which we do know so well,
" Does o'er the hill itself reveal,
" And hark ye, every village bell
" Begins to ring a merry peal.

" And see through yonder clump of trees
" The merry-making house appear,
" A house which we must never cease
" To love, remember, and revere;
" Since it contains our kindred all
" So kind and good to me and thee,
" And if we from our duty fall,
" Bad and ungrateful shall we be.

" How every thing delights our eyes
" That in our native place we see;
" And look where poor old Rover lies
" Beneath the spreading chesnut tree.
" And in the pleasant garden-seat
" They're all at breakfast, I declare,
" And soon, to make the set complete,
" Two happy lovers will be there."

And now good morrow is exchang'd,
And how d'ye fare, and how d'ye do?
And now two bowls of milk are rang'd
For laughing Tom and merry Sue;
And now the breakfast being done,
They all agree to go and play,
Resolved to have some precious fun,
And make the wake a merry day.

" Why Sue, my lass," the mother cries,
" Thou'rt grown as fat as any pig;
" And I can scarce believe my eyes,
" To see my nephew Tom so big."
" He'll soon be married, I dare say,"
Cries, with a smile, the honest dad,
" For if thou should'st much longer stay,
" Thou'lt not be like thy mother, lad."

" How well my mother looks," says Sue,
" As nice as any new-made pin;"
" Ay, ay, and so does uncle too,"
Cries merry Thomas, with a grin.
" What pretty teeth our Dol has got,
" And how my little Dicky grows,
" Nor be my pretty Nan forgot,
" Who looks as fresh as any rose."

Now Tom for cricket was inclin'd,
And uncle Joe for single-sticks,
For wrestling Roger had a mind,
On skittles Ned his choice would fix;

'Till having wasted half the day
In settling where they should begin,
They all agreed to go and play
At skittles, on the Bowling-green.

The lasses too must take a walk
To see them play the merry game,
And as they go they archly talk
Of such and such a person's fame;
If pretty Nell has lost her swain,
Or got another in his place,
If Ann and Hannah grow too vain,
Or Dolly's lovers fly apace.

And now the table being spread
With beef and pudding, ducks and fowls,
They're all by inclination led
To eat and drink like hearty souls:
"Come, fill a cup of mantling ale,"
With chearful voice, old Gaffer cries;
Says Dame, "I'm sure the malt was pale,
"And such my husband always buys."

Pipes and tobacco now are brought,
And of brown ale a plenteous stock,
'Till Thomas is of time bethought,
Warn'd by the sound of Gaffer's clock.
In haste, he cried, "Come, come, my Sue,
"The day is going, so must we,
"Or else our absence we shall rue,
"So cross will mother Dickens be."

Now good bye, Tom, and good bye, Sue,
And good bye all, they all now say,
And when at home we'll think of you,
And of the merry-making day.
And gaily now they trudge away
Ere yet the placid ev'ning clos'd,
'Till tir'd with the happy day,
They sweetly sink to soft repose.

TO MISS ISABELLA——LEAVING TOWN.

WHAT child of nature is not born to care?
'Tis mine, Is'bella's absence to deplore,
The painful gloom of solitude to bear
The thought, that I may never see her more.

Shall I recall, my love, the moments past,
And bring your angel image to my view?
Yes, Fancy shall indulge the sweet repast,
And banish every thought but that of you:

To Beauty still I'll own myself a slave,
And anxious wait for that much-wish'd return;
I'll fondly boast the magic wound you gave,
Nor think, enthrall'd by you, I've cause to mourn.

LINES

Addressed to my Friend, Leslie Armstrong, Esq. the elegant Author of the Romance of the Anglo-Saxons on my departure for India.

WHILE boist'rous winds impel me o'er the main,
And Eastern Indies point the road to gain,
You blest in ease, in liberal science more,
Shall woo the Muse, and paint the days of yore;
And boldly verging from the beaten tract
The well-earn'd praise of novelty exact.
With you, entranc'd, the Epic Muse shall join,
Mix in romance, and swell each nervous line;
Strength shall supply the place of forc'd detail,
And sense and genius in thy page prevail.
Oft as the eye shall run thy Fiction o'er,
And active Fancy draw the scenes of yore,
The gentle breast shall shrink at Emulph's hate,
And heave a sigh to hapless Edric's fate,
Or rise ambitious, or dissolve in love,
As Adelburga, or as Bertha move.
With joy the literary world shall see
Inventive genius rise to light in thee;
Romance, exulting in her rescued name,
Shall bless thy pen, and crown with lasting fame!

RUHTRA NYLMAH.

LINES

ON THE LATE CELEBRATED AUTHOR,

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

FAREWELL, thou common friend of all mankind,
For thee an humble stranger sheds a tear,
For thee he breathes a hope that thou may'st find
That bliss above, which was denied thee here.

Though not like thee he strikes the Muses' lyre,
Though not like thee he invocates the lay,
He asks no more, would aught his verse inspire
Around thy sun to shed another ray.

The moral ever by thy pen convey'd,
The fond instruction which adorn'd each page,
Will live, when all thy other charms shall fade,
And gain th' applause of each succeeding age.

When Gallia's sons, by tyranny opprest,
Threw off the yoke which power had impos'd,
Each page thy love of liberty confest,
Each line thy universal love disclos'd.

But when a faction, with despotic sway,
Spread war and anarchy throughout the clime,
Bade murder tear each sacred tie away,
And cloak with liberty the horrid crime;

When disunited by a cruel band,
The wretched victim of misguided rage
Sought for protection in our happy land,
To shield them from the horrors of the age,

Thy "Banish'd Man" stept forward to obtain
From every liberal and feeling mind,
Reversal of the envy and disdain
Which the unfortunate too often find.

Like softest music floating on the breeze
Swept from the string of an Æolian lyre,
Thy poetry could lull the soul to ease,
And rapture in the dullest heart inspire.

Creation's beauties ever thy delight,
Sooth'd oftentimes the sorrows of thy breast,
Where pleasure and instruction would unite,
To ease insensibly an heart opprest.

For youth thy care maternal has design'd
Those simple lessons which instruct and please,
Which future readers often shall remind
Of her, who long before has slept in peace.

In thy fictitious mourner we can trace
The real motives which thy pen inclin'd,
To lash a sordid and unfeeling race,
Who misapply the blessings of mankind.

A Stafford suffering the frowns of fate,
A Denzil struggling through a life of care,
Reveal, in moving turns, the hapless state
Which few, if any, could so ably bear.

Thy course through life has been a troubled scene,
Much like the sun upon a misty day,
Which, though awhile a cloud may intervene,
At parting shines with clear and settled ray.

So may thy sun in future splendour rise,
A lasting splendour, evermore to live;
And may thou taste that bliss, beyond the skies,
Which this uncertain world can never give.

CLEONICUS.

CHARADE.

MY first's a privilege bestow'd
Upon a chosen few,
Oft graced with honours, and belov'd,
For nurt'ring like the dew.

When Fortune sheds a radiant light
In circles round its head,
Her rays appear more truly bright,
And more extensive spread.

Again, my first's, the child of woe,
And prince and peasant feel
Its power alike—for each may know
The turn's of Fortune's wheel.

My second, is a perfect claim,
Not subject to dispute,
My whole's a precedented name,
In marriage—the first fruit.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We can by no means think of disgracing our pages with the senseless ribaldry sent to us by M. S.

We trust that our Correspondents will not be offended if we should omit to notice particularly the receipt of their several communications. The contributions with which we are favoured, especially for our *Poetical* department, are so numerous, that the task would be nearly impossible. We wish respectfully to refer them to a request made by us in a former volume, and to suggest, that *Prose* would be more acceptable to us than *Poetry*. It would be easy for us to fill a volume of our Museum with the Poetry with which they have favored us. Now that we have said this, our Correspondents will sufficiently see that it is impossible to comply with the concluding request in very many of their letters, viz. that their communications may appear in the *next* number.

The elegant Song of "Love and Kitty" shall certainly appear in our next Museum.

The "Attached Indian," and several other favors, are received.